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First SATIRE
OF THE
Second Book of *HORACE*,
IMITATED.

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Horatius Flaccus (Quintus) / Satirae - Parodies - English.

LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe*, in *Pater-Noſter-Row.* M.DCC.XLV.

Price One Shilling.

THE

Fifth SATIRE

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First SATIRE
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J. SOME think my Satires (this is what I hear)
Artleſs and rude, but dev'liſhly ſevere.
Trunk ſwears he'll bind me to my good Beha-
And *Pe--y J--s* complains of want of Favour. [viour;
His Gr--e the Scr--e ſays he's unjuſtly hit,
He'll have me know, hea's Eloquence and Wit.
A ſtrutting *Flanders* Hero, bravely rough,
Takes on to ſay, "'Tis harmleſs ſtupid Stuff:"

Nev. Exon. or himſelf, he ſays, can write
Thouſands and Thouſands better every Night.
Hard my Condition, too, my Caſe is nice,
What muſt I do? come *Tom*, let's have Advice.

T. Be ſilent.

J. Silent! What, and write no more?
Oh *Jeſu!* but I ſhoudn't reſt an Hour.
I faith my Conſtitution ſoon would break,
I couldn't make a Dinner once a Week.
Sam. P---t, B--h, Bubo, and C--f J--t--e *J--n,*
Fools, Knaves, and Madmen drive my Fancy on.

T. 'Tis the worſt Thing. It is, upon my Soul,
Domitian never was ſo great a Fool,
Condemn and execute the guilty Flies,
But never, I beſeech you, ſatyrize.
Then, if you take Averſion to your Food,
Stale Ale, and Century are very good;
Cricket's an Exerciſe that will excite,
And whet the blunted Edge of Appetite;
Too, 'twill add greatly to your Fame, to play
With your good-natur'd P---e, the live-long Day.

If you want Reſt; there are who may adviſe
A Draught of Laudanum to cloſe your Eyes:
But the Preſcription I would give you for't,
Is Mountain, Malaga, or honeſt Port;
Each Night ſix Glaſſes, e'er you go to Bed,
A better Opiate ne'er preſcrib'd by *Mead!*
If after all you have that Itch to write,
Sing Arms, and Men, and Heroes fam'd in Fight.
Launch to the Field, where *Gran---e* Honour won;
Sure that *G---e* conquer, and that *Lewis* run.
Sing the brave *Briton* or the *Auſtrian* bolder,
Or ſtill the braver *Hanoverian* Soldier.
Do this, and mark me, the Prediction's right,
If nothing better, you'll be made a *Knight.*

J. Ah, ſure you joke me, when you bid me ſing
A great E-----, and as great a K--;
Fain would I if I could, but oh! that Strain
Is fitting only for a lawrel'd Vein.
Slendſtath and *Dettingen* (or Fame's a Fibber)
Brunſwick's Acts there were ſung by Mr. *C---r.*

T. To *Har---e* then ſuppoſe you tune your Lays,
Or write a downright honeſt Patriot's Praiſe,

Let *Lee* or *Benſon* in your Verſes ſhine,
The honeſt Lawyer, or the good Divine.
Or if you rather ſofter Numbers chuſe,
To ſofter Numbers turn the tender Muſe,
And *Nanny* be the Subject of your Care;
Nanny, the lovlieſt of the lovely Fair;
There the Perfections of a Mind inſpire;
There every Virtue dignifies Deſire.

J. Oh! I could dwell for ever on that Name,
Could I dare hope ſhe'd liſten to the Theme.
Hardwicke, thy Virtues ſcorn a borrow'd Light,
Rais'd of themſelves, in native Greatneſs bright.
And what, like Flattery, deſerves Rebuke?
—— Dedications almoſt make me puke.
I lov'd the Man, — Moſt love his Writings too;
But when he ——;

T. Better Dedicate with ——
Better do that — do any thing than rail,
Firſt think of *Scand. Magnat.* — and then a Jail.
Plain ſimple Words have often ſeem'd too bold,
And Truth's too ſerious always to be told.

Where

Where Precepts won't, Examples may prevail;
So, with your Patience, you ſhall hear a *Tale*.

A Judge invited (as the Story's known)
A country Tradeſman, to his Houſe in Town:
One Day, above the reſt, their Dinner o'er,
The Judge, in way unuſual, 's heard to roar;
Here *John*, let's have ſome Pipes, and *Wheatley*'s beſt,
(My Cuſtom always to enjoy my Gueſt)
Come, ſit you ſtill — you ſhall not ſay me no, —
'Tis all a Farce; for I inſiſt you do. —
Thank you, good Sir, — but beg you will excuſe it, —
I like it, — true, — but Madam may not chuſe it. —
" Sir, you're obliging, — but my Husband knows,
" I never ſuffer here ſuch Things as thoſe; —
" He always has, and ſhall, while I have Pow'r,
" If he muſt ſmoak, go whiff it out o' Door."
Lud--w cries out (perhaps you'll ſay moſt meet)
Ah, Sir, I find *You live in* Weſtgate-Street. *
In ſhort, the Sequel this, he loſt for ever
The Judge's Friendſhip, and the Lady's *Favour*.
And ſo 'twill fare with you, — for even thoſe,
Thoſe who were once your Friends, will turn your Foes.

* A Saying pretty well known in ſome Parts of *Glouceſterſhire*.

Satires, in ſhort, have always giv'n Offence,—

J. 'Cauſe true the Saying, *That gall'd Horſes wince*;
'Cauſe Bully *Joe*, unmarry'd, lubbard Elf,
Cries Pox—the Jade—where *Peggy* keeps herſelf.
Becauſe a Knave's an Hon---ble L-d,
I muſt be ſilent,—fear to ſpeak a Word!
Cringe to a Courtier, to a Placeman bow!
Or praiſe a Fool,—no, burn me if I do.

That all Men have their Frolicks, 'tis agreed,
Thrice every Day *Twe--le* runs o'er his Creed.
Ebrio will guzzle nothing but Champaign,
---'s ne'er eaſy 'till he's thrown a Main.
In nightly Revels *Chol--ly* takes Delight,
And *Watt*'s Soul's Pleaſure is a Fox in Sight.
Co--m's well pleas'd to hear his Caſcades roar,
Ab—y loves Impudence, and *Wi—s* a Whore.
Thus runs the World, as many Minds as Men.
Pray then the Harm in't if I take the Pen.
I write the Truth,—That can my Foes deny?
As much as *Benſon* I deteſt a Lye.
My Thoughts and Words do never diſagree:
I think,—I ſpeak,—like *Tal—t*, plain and free.

What

What Faults I have, I would as ſoon expoſe,
Shew my Friends Failings equal with my Foes.
Thus while (each private ſelfiſh View apart)
My Pen tranſcribes the Dictates of my Heart:
'Tis one to me, if in the Rabble Eye,
I ſtand a Knave, a Madman, or a Spye;
Whether I ſeem a Hypocrite or Fool,
Pope's Pupil, or of junior *Busby*'s School.
Let the Mob think and ſpeak me as they pleaſe,
I fear no Cenſure, for I ask no Praiſe.
Writing's my only Province; I declare
'Gainſt Vice of every Kind, an honeſt War.
Peace, tho', the greateſt Bleſſing, I adore,
None love it dearer, none deſire it more.
Yet move me (I pronounce his Silence better)
To *Jeffrey* or to *Touchit* goes a Letter.
Galba once rail'd, but *Galba* quickly found,
My Satires did with Gall enough abound;
So *Mævius*, and perhaps the Sailor's Son
May ſee I can, if forc'd upon't, lampoon.

At *Griffin*'s* dread a Warrant from *Deveil*,
A downright Riot,—or, perhaps you ſteal.—

From

* It has of late been a Cuſtom, in a certain Houſe in *Bridge's-ſtreet*, to threaten ſeveral Gentlemen in that Manner.

From bluſt'ring Bullies, Oaths may be your Hap,
A Frown from *Peggy*, or from *Coombs* a Clap;
Foul Words from *Bennet*, that malicious Drab;
Embrace with Phormio, *and expect a Stab;*
From *Corniſh* Wreſtlers, fear a *Corniſh* Fall,
Hell, and eternal Puniſhment from——.
Equal with Man, the Maxim holds with Cattle,
Each Species has it's own Offence in Battle;
('Tis ſo ordain'd by Nature's wiſer Laws)
Bulls fight with Horns, and Cats ſtill uſe their Claws.

So then, my Friend, let who will keep a Pother,
And threaten this Thing, that Thing, or the other,
Whether I live,—am old,—or 'tis decreed,
By the three Siſters, ſoon to ſnip the Thread,
Whether I am—a Miniſter of State,—
Fluſh'd with the Title of The Wiſe and Great;
Belov'd as much as *****, or I fail,
Condemn'd, as poor as *Piſtol*, to a Jail;
Long as there's Ink or Paper to be got,
Long as there lives a Knave, a Fool, or Sot,
I'll write, I'll write, and tell him of his Folly,
In Spite of *Harry*, or his Grace, or *Colly*.

T. You'll

T. You'll never be a Favourite at Court;
And faith, I fear your Life will be but ſhort.
A ſlander'd Town and Country (barr your Cough)
Can find a thouſand Ways to heave you off.

J. How! Did not *Fabio* in ſome former Reign,
Deep dy'd with Spots, and many a laſting Stain,
When frighted Virtue fled the threat'ning Hand
And Crimes of every Kind had ſeiz'd the Land;
When Guilt had found Protection from a Throne,
And ſure Preferment roſe from Vice alone,
Undaunted, venture on a dangerous Stage,
Expoſe th' Uſurper, and well laſh the Age,
Brave the fell Tyrant in his full Career,
(Virtue oppreſs'd, and Innocence his Care)
Has not another, ſcarce a Twelvemonth ſince,
Touch'd home K—, Court, its Miniſters, and P—,
Unhurt, unnotic'd: Yet you'd have me fear
What will me moſt to honeſt Men endear.

Still ready to engage in Virtue's Cauſe,
Still prone, when merited, to give Applauſe,
In Friendſhip only with the Good and Brave,
I will not be afraid t'offend a Knave.

He ſhall not 'ſcape, becauſe the Knave is great,
A Knave's a Knave to me in every State.
Pope ſaid (and *Pope* I'll copy as I can,
For as I lov'd, I'd imitate the Man)
When W---s ſits Ch--f, is Juſtice to be ſold?
Muſt I ſtill loſe my Cauſe——without my Gold?
Nor dare unmask him! dare not! I will dare,
I'll throw the venal Villain from his Chair;
By Pariſh Boys ſtill hooted up and down,
The very ſing Song Ju-ſt-e of the Town.
What Poor muſt juſtly bear that Wretch a Grudge,
Babes yet unborn ſhall curſe the perjur'd J--e!
Nor ſhall th' uncommon Murderer be forgiven,
(The Scorn of Earth, the ſureſt Curſe of Heaven)
Thy Son, unhappy Parent, all abhor,
And Heaven has ſeven-fold Vengeance up in ſtore,
While the dark Embryo, and his chaſteſt Wife,
Are well repay'd above for Loſs of Life.

Tho' ſmall, the Bleſſings Providence hath lent,
(No *Fuſcus*, I) I'm thankful and content.
A little Houſe to live in, at Command,
And a few Acres of paternal Land;
I

I ask no Place, no Penſion from a Crown,
No Court ſhall buy me, bleſt with what's my own,
Let *Sannio*, long while dubious where to fix,
Now flaunt it, driv'n in tawdry Coach and Six.
To-night at *Will*'s, the next at *Pel*---'s dine,
There blow, and ſweat, and guzzle *damn'd good Wine*.
Tho' large his Salary, his Levees full,
I ſee with Pity and Contempt, the Fool.
And every hearty honeſt Patriot, who
Diſdains a Place, diſdains the Lordling too.

Now none can ſay, but I have been approv'd,
(Tho' cenſur'd by a few) by moſt belov'd,
Lov'd by the Great (that Envy can't retort)
Great as e'er grac'd our *Britiſh* Camp or Court,
What but my honeſt Frankneſs could commend
Me to juſt *St---pe*? What made *How* my Friend?
Tho' *P---t* diſown'd it, —*Sand---h* ſaid 'twas wright,
W---s threatned—ſomething,—*Har---ke* bid me write.
This is my Caſe,—What ſay you?—I have done.

7. Why I don't know,—E'en venture to go on;
Yet I'd adviſe you, curb yourſelf a little,
Nor play too freely with a noble Title.

The

The Law has given a great Extent to Words,
As, Reference had, is found in Law Records.

J. 'Tis true,—I grant it all,—if I am found,
To hurt a Perſon, or his Honour wound,
Oh! may I ſuffer the ſevereſt Law,—
In ſhort, I wiſh to fall in *W*---'s Claw.
But if I've Cauſe,—if juſtly 'tis I ſtrike,
Or tell a Rogue what, p'rhaps, he may may not like;
Let him indict, or bring an Action for't,
The Fool is hiſs'd and jeer'd by all the Court;
The Judge is mov'd, and quickly makes an End on't;
The Jury gives a Verdict for Defendant.

FINIS.